

ACTION
ADVENTURE
THRILLS

SUPER-MYSTERY



COMICS

10¢

NOVEMBER



VULCAN



"SKY" SMITH

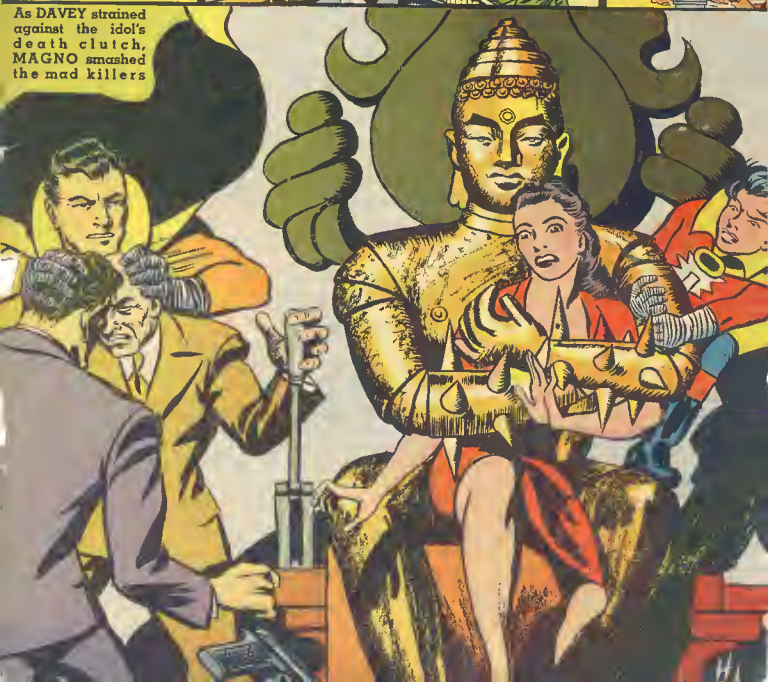


BLACK
SPIDER



CAPT.
GALLANT

As DAVEY strained
against the idol's
death clutch,
MAGNO smashed
the mad killers



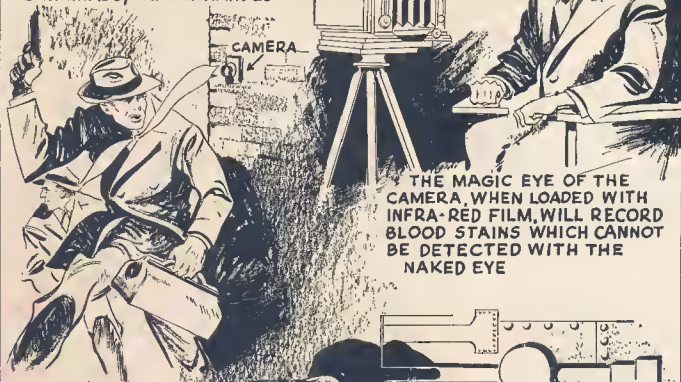


WEB COMIC
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LATEST WEAPONS OF SCIENCE IN

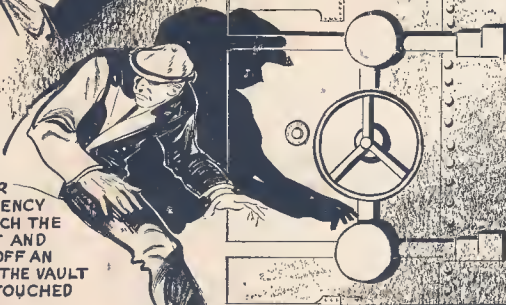
THE BATTLE AGAINST CRIME

**AUTOMATIC CAMERAS
LOADED WITH SUPERSEN-
SITIVE FILM AND PLACED
CAREFULLY SOMETIMES
CATCH AND CONVICT
CRIMINALS, SINGLEHANDED**



**THE MAGIC EYE OF THE
CAMERA, WHEN LOADED WITH
INFRA-RED FILM, WILL RECORD
BLOOD STAINS WHICH CANNOT
BE DETECTED WITH THE
NAKED EYE**

**THE PRESENCE
OF ANY FOREIGN
BODY NEAR THE
STEEL VAULT IN A
BANK WILL ALTER
THE HIGH FREQUENCY
CURRENT OF WHICH THE
VAULT IS A PART AND
INSTANTLY SET OFF AN
ALARM BEFORE THE VAULT
IS ACTUALLY TOUCHED**



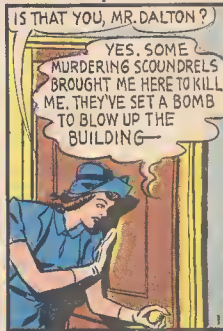
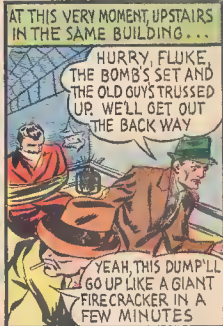
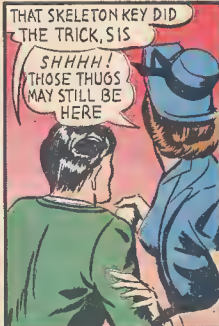
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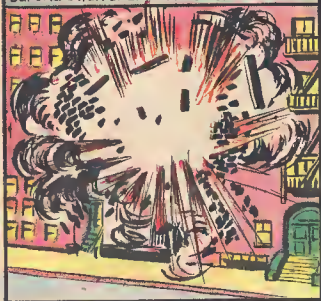
MAGNO

THE MAGNETIC MAN

WITH HIS MIGHTY POWERS OF MAGNETISM MAGNO CAN DRAW TO HIMSELF ANY METAL OBJECT AND CAN MAGNETIZE HIMSELF THROUGH SPACE AT TERRIFIC SPEED TO ANYTHING METALLIC. THESE FORCES USED IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE HAVE EARNED MAGNO THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF THE POLICE AND THE HATRED OF THE UNDERWORLD IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST EVIL FORCES



BEFORE OWEN DALTON FINISHES SPEAKING...



MAGNO, NEAR-BY, HEARS THE EXPLOSION AND
MAGNETIZES HIMSELF TO THE SCENE...



HERE COMES OUR OLD
FRIEND, MAGNO

ANYBODY
TRAPPED INSIDE,
BOYS?



MAGNO RUSHES PAST THEM,
APPLIES HIS MAGNETISM TO BITS
OF METAL IN THE WRECKAGE

SAY, WHERE'S
HE —

AN HOUR'S TOO
LONG, GENTLEMEN.
IF ANYONE IS IN HERE,
THEY'VE GOT TO GET OUT
IN A HURRY



OOOOOOOH!

THERE THEY
ARE



WHEW! THANKS,
MISTER. ANOTHER
FEW MINUTES UNDER
THAT AND IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN
ALL OVER

DO YOU KNOW
IF THERE'S ANYONE
ELSE IN THE
EXPLOSION?



IT'S OWEN DALTON. HE'S DEAD. THE
EXPLOSION GOT HIM

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER
TO THAT

WHAT WERE
YOU DOING IN
THIS OLD BUILDING?
WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT?



I'M CAROLE LANDIS,
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.
A FEW DAYS AGO OWEN
DALTON, ONE OF THE CITY'S
LEADING CITIZENS, DISAPPEARED
FROM HIS HOME. HIS FAMILY
HIRED ME TO FIND HIM



-AND SIS FOUND OUT
THAT SOME CROOKS HAD
KIDNAPPED HIM. WE
FOLLOWED THEM HERE AND
WERE JUST ABOUT TO
GET TO MR. DALTON, WHEN
BOOM!— THE WHOLE
PLACE BLOWS UP



THIS WAS
NO ORDINARY
KIDNAPPING

ON THE ROOF OF A BUILDING
ACROSS THE STREET . . .

THAT GIRL-DICK MUST'VE
FOLLOWED US HERE, FLUKE.
SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH.
GET HER



THIS SHIV
WILL SHUT HER
UP



DUCK!



IT'S SOME THUGS
UP ON THAT ROOF.
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THEM

WAIT,
WHERE—

BOY!
LOOK AT HIM
TRAVEL!

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT
HERE SO FAST, BUDDY,
BUT ALL YOU'RE GONNA
GET IS COLD STEEL
FOR YOUR TROUBLE



YES, BUT NOT THE
WAY YOU THINK

MAGNO MAGNETIZES THE THUGS' WEAPONS
HEY! SOMETHIN' PULLED MY GAT RIGHT
OUT OF MY POCKET!



ME, TOO,
AND MY KNIVES!

THOSE ARE
DANGEROUS TOYS FOR
YOU DUMBBELLS

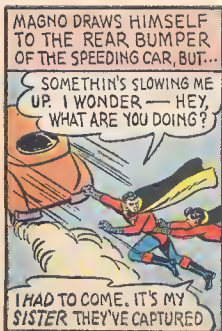
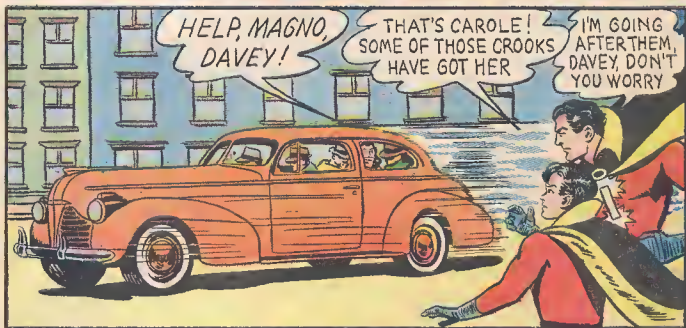


NOT SO FAST

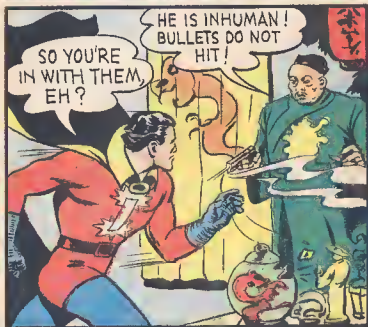
LET'S SCRAM.
THIS GUY'S A
MAGICIAN OR
SOMETHING

YOU SAID
IT, FLUKE









MAGNO FOCUSES THE FULL FORCE OF HIS MAGNETIC POWERS UPON THE STEEL DOOR

HERE SHE COMES, HINGES AND ALL



I'LL KILL THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU FOR KIDNAPPING MY SISTER

YOUNG ONE MAKE GOOD TORTURE VICTIM, TOO

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT KID!



MASTER, SHALL I FINISH THE WHITE GIRL OFF IN A HURRY?

YES, THEN WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS FOOL

KEEP FIGHTING, DAVEY, I'LL HELP YOU IN A MINUTE



BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS FELLOW



OKAY, KID, NOW YOU'RE FREE TO TAKE A POKE AT SOME OF THESE CROOKS



BOY, WILL I!

OOOOOOF! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, FATSO?



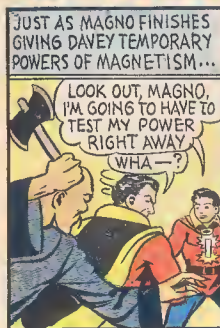
NOTHING SEEMS TO STOP THAT MAN. I'D BETTER TAKE THE GIRL AND GET OUT OF HERE

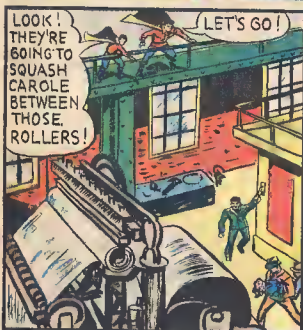
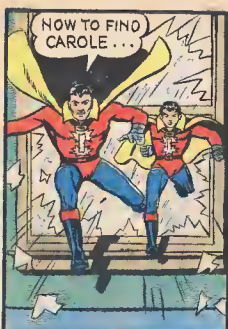


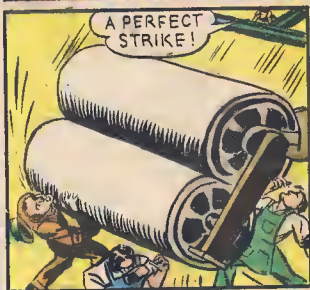
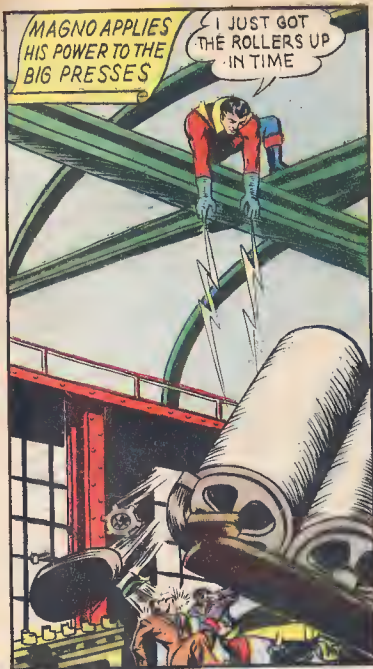
CATCH THIS



WOW! THAT CLEANS THEM UP MAGNO, BUT THAT MASKED GUY ESCAPED SOMEHOW WITH CAROLE







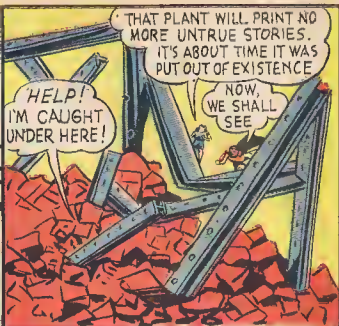


OUTSIDE, MAGNO SUMMONS ALL OF HIS
MAGNETIC STRENGTH, AND



I THINK JAY
JACKSON WILL
TALK AFTER
THIS...

ZOWIE!
HE'S PULLING
ALL THE
RIVETS AND
BOLTS FROM
THE
BUILDING!



THAT PLANT WILL PRINT NO
MORE UNTRUE STORIES.
IT'S ABOUT TIME IT WAS
PUT OUT OF EXISTENCE

NOW,
WE SHALL
SEE



GET ME OUT OF THIS AND
I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING
I'VE EVER DONE

THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE
TO HEAR

JACKSON CONFESSES THAT
HE TRIED TO EXTORT MONEY
FROM OWEN DALTON. BUT
DALTON DEFIED JACKSON
AND THREATENED TO EX-
POSE HIM AND HIS PAPER,
FORCING JACKSON TO
KILL HIM



— SO, NOW GET
ME OUT OF HERE
AND I'LL SIGN
THE CONFESSION

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S THE MURDERER,
FELLOWS



I'M
GOING TO
SEE MY
GANG

THANKS, MAGNO,
WE'VE BEEN
TRYING TO GET
SOMETHING ON
THIS MUCK-
RAKER FOR A
LONG TIME



WHAT A GUY THAT
MAGNO IS. IF WE
COULD ONLY GET
HIM ON THE — HE'S
FORCE —

SO LONG

HE'S
WONDERFUL



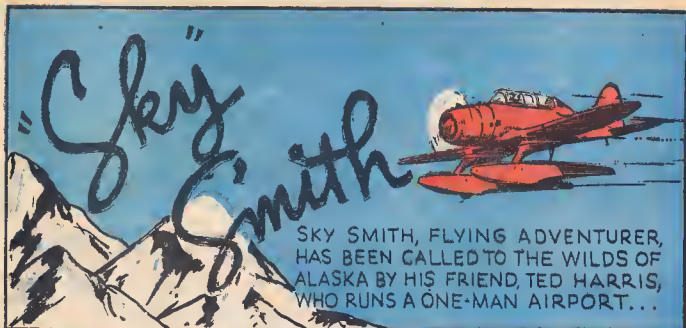
GEE! HE CAN
DO THINGS JUST
LIKE MAGNO

GEE!

OH, HECK, MAGNO,
I ALMOST FORGOT

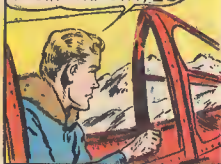
PSSST, DAVEY,
YOUR TIME IS
ALMOST UP. BUT
WE'LL WORK ON A
CASE TOGETHER
AGAIN, SOON

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES
OF MAGNO IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS



AS SKY NEARS THE LOCATION OF THE HARRIS AIRPORT...

TED MUST BE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE TO BRING ME ALL THE WAY UP HERE FROM THE STATES



SUDDENLY TWO STRANGE PLANES SWOOP OUT OF THE CLOUDS TOWARD SKY

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



SO YOU WANT A FIGHT, EH, BLACKBIRDS? WE'LL SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE SAME MEDICINE



THAT BLACK PLANE IS SPORTING THE JOLLY ROGER—THE PIRATE SIGN. THEY MUST BE SKY PIRATES!



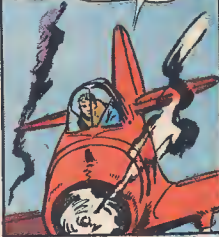
HERE GOES NUMBER ONE!



THE OTHER ONE IS SCOOTING AWAY LIKE A WHIPPED PUP... WELL, I'D BETTER GET ON TO TED'S PLACE



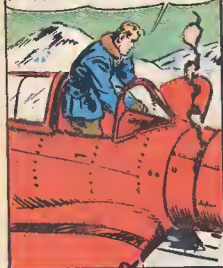
ONE OF THOSE BULLETS MUST HAVE CLIPPED MY MOTOR - SHE'S BE-GINNING TO ACT UP!



I'D BETTER SET DOWN AND CHECK THE OLD BUS OVER. I'M SURE GLAD THIS PLANE CAN SET DOWN ON ICE, SNOW, LAND OR WATER



ACCORDING TO MY MAP I SHOULDN'T BE VERY FAR FROM TED'S AIRPORT



RIFLE FIRE! IT MUST BE COMING FROM TED'S PLACE. I'D BETTER GET RIGHT OVER THERE



I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN TED HARRIS'S TROUBLE AND THOSE PIRATE PLANES THAT ATTACKED ME?



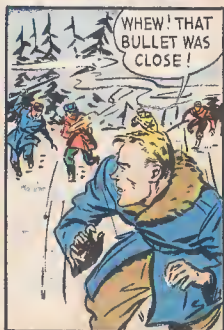
TED MUST HAVE CAUGHT THOSE BIRDS TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON HIM. GOOD FOR HIM!



AS SKY CAUTIOUSLY MOVES CLOSER TO THE AIRPORT, HOSTILE EYES FOLLOW HIS EVERY MOVE



I'LL FIX THIS GUY



THE DOOR IS LOCKED—
HEY, TED, OPEN UP!



I GUESS TED
CAN'T REACH
THE DOOR--



THIS IS ONE WAY TO
GET AWAY FROM
THAT RIFLE FIRE



HI-
TED

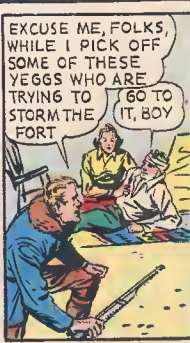
IT'S ALL RIGHT, FLORA.
IT'S SKY SMITH, THANK
GOODNESS

OH, I THOUGHT
IT WAS ONE OF
CALGAR'S MEN



EXCUSE ME, FOLKS,
WHILE I PICK OFF
SOME OF THESE
YEGGS WHO ARE
TRYING TO
STORM THE
FORT

GO TO
IT, BOY



TWO DOWN—ONE
TO GO

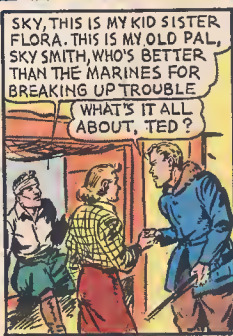


THERE THEY GO, TED. THE
SURVIVORS ARE TAKING
OFF IN THEIR PLANES.
THE SEIGE IS OVER.



SKY, THIS IS MY KID SISTER
FLORA. THIS IS MY OLD PAL,
SKY SMITH, WHO'S BETTER
THAN THE MARINES FOR
BREAKING UP TROUBLE

WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT, TED?



THE DAZE FROM THAT NICK
ON THE HEAD IS WEARING
OFF. LET'S GO OUT AND
I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND
WHILE I TELL YOU
THE STORY

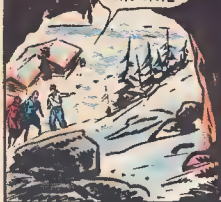


THIS SPOT HAS A NATURAL CLEARING FOR A LANDING FIELD. IT WAS JUST THE PLACE I WAS LOOKING FOR AFTER I HEARD THEY MIGHT ESTABLISH AN AIRLINE BETWEEN NOME AND NORTH CITY. WE'RE DEAD CENTER BETWEEN THE TWO



LOOKS LIKE A SWELL SET UP, BUT HOW DO YOU GET YOUR POWER?

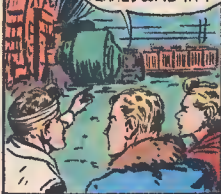
THERE'S A BIG WATERFALL DEEP INSIDE THIS CAVE



INSIDE THE CAVE...

THE WATERFALL IS SO FAR UNDERGROUND IT NEVER FREEZES

WHERE DO THOSE SKY PIRATES AND THEIR BLACK PLANES COME IN?



THAT'S ROLF CALGAR AND HIS SKYWAYMEN. SEVERAL AIRSHIPMENTS OF GOLD HAVE BEEN STOLEN AROUND THIS SECTION. I BELIEVE ITS CALGAR AND HIS GANG THAT DID THE JOBS



ANYHOW, THEY WANTED TO BUY MY DROME FOR A BASE, AND WHEN I REFUSED THEY TRIED TO USE FORCE

THEY LOOKED AS THOUGH THEY MEANT BUSINESS. I'D BETTER GET MY PLANE FIXED UP



SKY SMITH WORKS ON HIS PLANE ALL THAT AFTERNOON, AND BY DUSK...

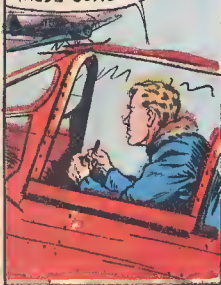


THERE'S ONE OF CALGAR'S PLANES NOW - WHY - IT'S BOMBING US!

THAT GUY'S SURE GOT THE RANGE. I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE MAKES A DIRECT HIT

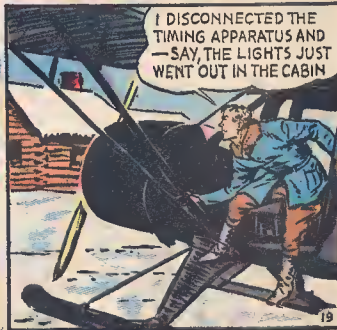
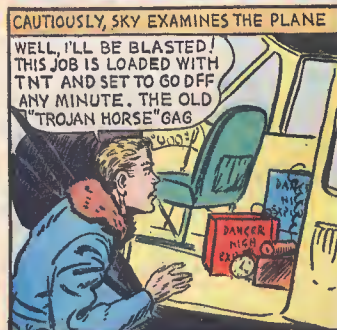
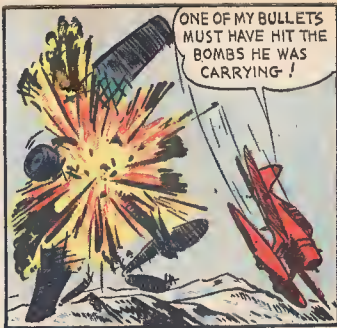
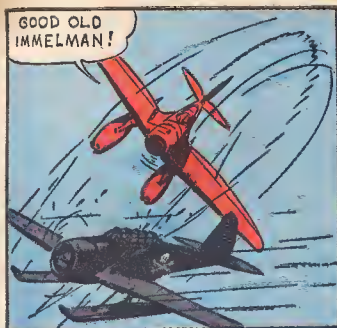


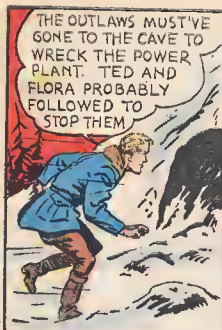
I'LL WARM UP THESE GUNS



THIS WILL BE A GOOD STUNT - IF IT WORKS







MEANWHILE

WE CAN'T LEAVE SKY TO HOLD OFF ALL THOSE MEN ALONE. HE'LL BE KILLED!

YOU DON'T KNOW SKY. HE'S A HUMAN HURRICANE WHEN HE GETS GOING!



IN A FEW MINUTES THOSE DOPES WILL GET SMART AND COME AT ME FROM ALL SIDES. I HOPE TEO AND FLORA ARE WELL ON THEIR WAY

HERE THEY COME. I'D BETTER YAMOOSE!

GET HIM, GANG!

EMPTY!

THERE'S A PARTING GIFT!

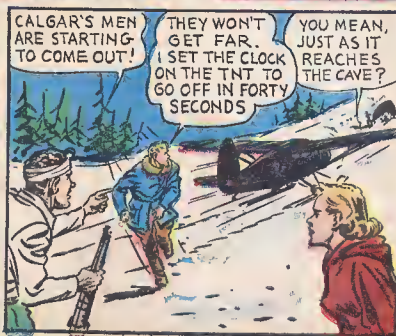
THEY'RE GOING TO PLUG ME BEFORE I REACH THE EXIT, IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING IN A HURRY

SHOOT TO KILL, MEN!

SKY SUDDENLY LEAPS ONTO A LEDGE -

THIS WILL GIVE ME A FEW MORE MINUTES

HEY! HE'S BLOCKING THE PATH!



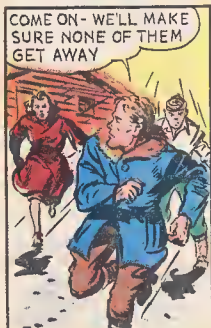


OUR PLANE! IT'S FILLED
WITH EXPLOSIVES AND IT'S
GOING TO CRASH!
RUN!

GANGWAY!



I THINK THAT
ANSWERS YOUR
QUESTION, FLORA



COME ON - WE'LL MAKE
SURE NONE OF THEM
GET AWAY



HEY, TED,
CALGAR,
GOT OUT
BUT HE IS
WOUNDED

OH, HELP ME! GET
ME TO A DOCTOR
AND I'LL CONFESS
EVERYTHING!

OKAY, RAT.
IT'S A BAR-
GAIN



CALGAR CONFESSES
STEALING THE GOLD
SHIPMENTS

YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT
THAT IN WRITING
BEFORE I CART YOU
BACK TO THE
CITY, CALGAR

OKAY,
OKAY,
ONLY
HURRY!



FLORA HELPS DRESS CALGAR'S WOUNDS AND
HE IS SOON LOADED INTO SKY'S PLANE

THINGS SHOULD BE
PRETTY PEACEFUL
AROUND HERE NOW,
SKY. WHY NOT COME
BACK AND HELP ME
RUN MY AIRPORT?

I WISH
YOU
WOULD,
SKY

NO, IT WOULD
BE TOO PEACE-
FUL. I'M AFRAID
I'D GET RESTLESS-
BUT I'LL SEE YOU
BOTH AGAIN,
SOMETIME



SO LONG,
SKY

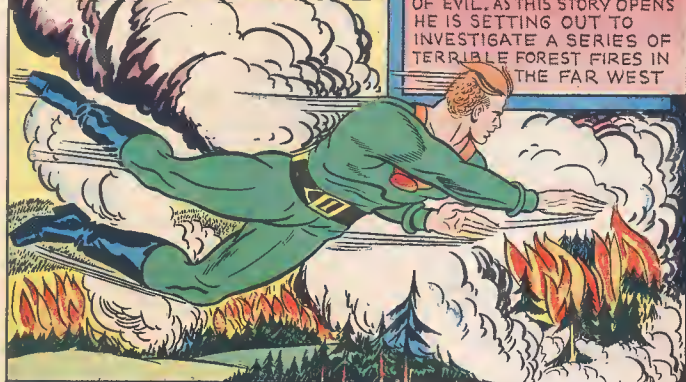
I WISH
HE'D
COME
BACK

SKY SMITH SMASHES
THROUGH ANOTHER
THRILLING ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

SUPER-
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COMICS

VULCAN

VULCAN, DESCENDANT OF THE GOD OF FIRE, HAS COME TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD FROM HIS VOLCANO HOME TO WAGE WAR AGAINST THE POWERS OF EVIL. AS THIS STORY OPENS HE IS SETTING OUT TO INVESTIGATE A SERIES OF TERRIBLE FOREST FIRES IN THE FAR WEST



THIS FOREST FIRE IS SPREADING. I'D BETTER GET BUSY

I DON'T THINK THOSE DITCHES ARE GOING TO STOP THIS FIRE, MEN

YOU'RE TELLING US. THE FIRE HAS BEEN FORCING US BACK FOR MILES. IT'S COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL. I DON'T KNOW HOW IT SPREAD SO FAST

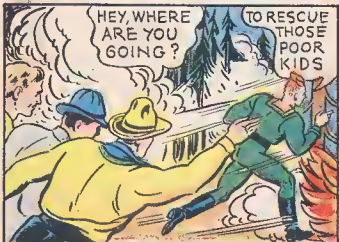


IS ANYBODY TRAPPED IN THAT BURNING FOREST?

YES, THE FIRE SPREAD IN A CIRCLE AND THERE'S A CHARITY CAMP FOR POOR CITY KIDS CAUGHT RIGHT IN THE CENTER. WE CAN'T GET TO 'EM. THEY'RE DOOMED

HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO RESCUE THOSE POOR KIDS



VULCAN, IMMUNE TO FIRE, PLUNGES INTO THE INFERNO

I'LL MAKE A PATH TO THE CAMP BY PUTTING OUT THE FLAMES AS I GO THROUGH



MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE FOREST

THE FIRE'S COMING CLOSER. WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE

AND WE CAN'T GET OUT. IT'S ALL AROUND US

BE BRAVE, BOYS



A FEW MINUTES LATER—

OKAY, FELLOWS, LET'S BREAK UP CAMP

G-GEE, HE CAME RIGHT OUT OF THE FLAMES



GET IN LINE AND FOLLOW ME BACK OUT. THERE'S A PATH ALL THE WAY OUT OF THE WOODS



THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY COULD DO A THING LIKE THAT. HE MUST BE VULCAN

HALF WAY OUT OF THE WOODS...

VULCAN, HELP! THAT TREE!

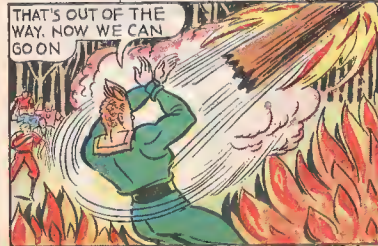


IT'S A GOOD THING YOU KIDS SAW IT IN TIME

WOW! HE'S GRABBING THAT FLAMING TREE WITH HIS BARE HANDS



THAT'S OUT OF THE WAY. NOW WE CAN GO ON



AFTER VULCAN BRINGS THE CAMP KIDS OUT INTO THE CLEAR —

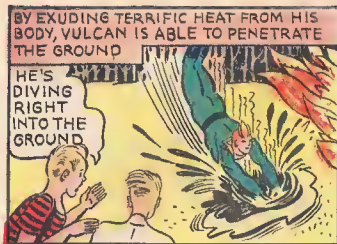
WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW, VULCAN?

TO STOP THIS FIRE



BY EXUDING TERRIFIC HEAT FROM HIS BODY, VULCAN IS ABLE TO PENETRATE THE GROUND

HE'S DIVING RIGHT INTO THE GROUND



AFTER BURNING A TUNNEL FOR A SHORT DISTANCE VULCAN EMERGES

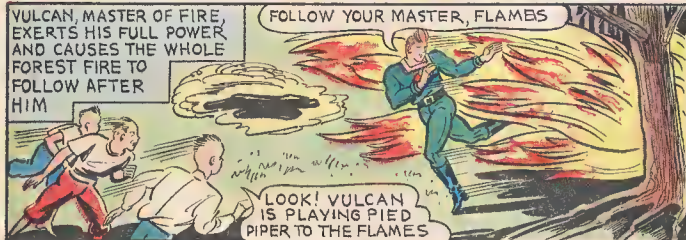
THERE'S MY TRAP. NOW TO GET THE FIRE



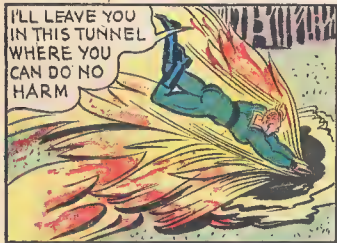
VULCAN, MASTER OF FIRE, EXERTS HIS FULL POWER AND CAUSES THE WHOLE FOREST FIRE TO FOLLOW AFTER HIM

FOLLOW YOUR MASTER, FLAMES

LOOK! VULCAN IS PLAYING PIED PIPER TO THE FLAMES



I'LL LEAVE YOU IN THIS TUNNEL WHERE YOU CAN DO NO HARM



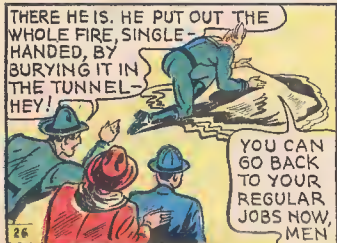
VULCAN COMES OUT AT THE OTHER END, AND —

SLEEP TIGHT, FLAMES



THERE HE IS. HE PUT OUT THE WHOLE FIRE, SINGLE-HANDED, BY BURYING IT IN THE TUNNEL—HEY!

YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR REGULAR JOBS NOW, MEN



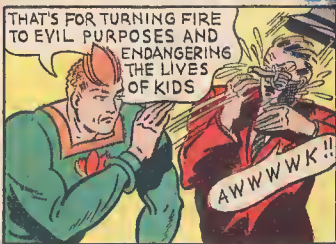
HEY, COME BACK. WE WANT TO THANK YOU

SORRY, BOYS, BUT THERE'S ANOTHER FIRE ABOUT FIFTY MILES AWAY, I HAVE TO TEND TO

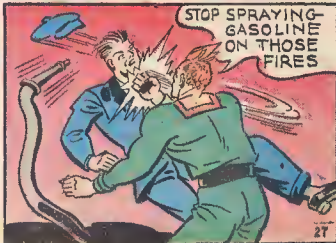
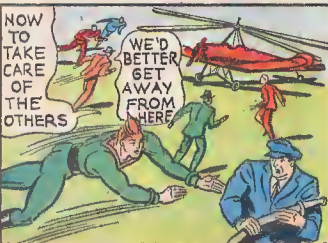


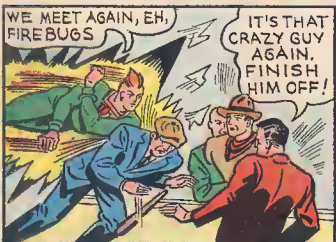
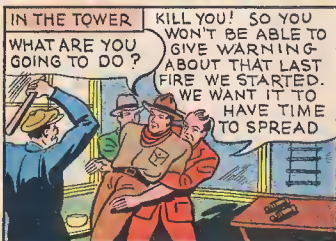
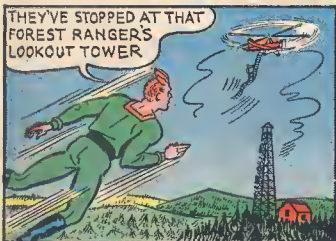
VULCAN'S SENSES ARE HIGHLY DEVELOPED
SO THAT THE SMALLEST FIRE, MILES AWAY,
ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION

THAT NEW FIRE I SMELLED
OUGHT TO BE AROUND
HERE, SOMEWHERE. I
WONDER WHAT'S
CAUSING ALL
THESE FIRES



VULCAN RADIATES HEAT FROM HIS
HANDS —





THE BURNING ROPE REACHES THE THUGS, AND —



MAKE HIM TELL US WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS

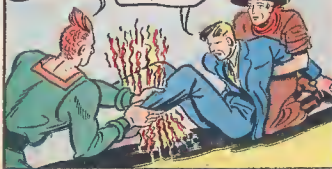


HOLD HIM STILL, I'LL GET SOME INFORMATION FROM HIM



THIS IS A REAL HOT-FOOT

STOP! YOU'RE BURNING MY TOES OFF. I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW



WE WERE HIRED BY LEWIS LANTIGO, OWNER OF A FINISHED LUMBER COMPANY, TO BURN DOWN ALL THE FOREST PRESERVES OF THE BIG TIMBER COMPANIES, SO LANTIGO CAN DEMAND A HUGE PRICE FOR HIS FINISHED WOOD WHEN THE SHORTAGE COMES AFTER THE FIRES



I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH YOUR PRISONERS, NOW, WHILE I GO SEE THIS FELLOW, LANTIGO



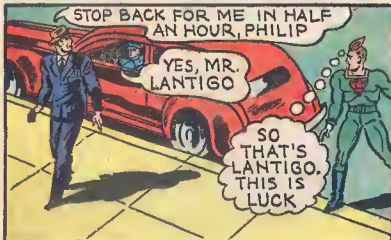
GOODBYE, VULCAN, AND THANKS

VULCAN ARRIVES AT A NEARBY CITY



THERE'S THE LANTIGO BUILDING. I HOPE LANTIGO, HIMSELF, IS THERE

STOP BACK FOR ME IN HALF AN HOUR, PHILIP



YES, MR. LANTIGO

SO THAT'S LANTIGO. THIS IS LUCK

BUT AS VULCAN STARTS TO FOLLOW INTO THE BUILDING—



MR. LANTIGO

WHO DO YOU WANT TO SEE, FELLA?

MR. LANTIGO DIDN'T LEAVE WORD THAT HE WAS EXPECTING YOU. SCRAM, YOU FUGITIVE FROM A MARDI GRAS!



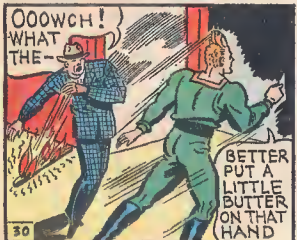
I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS

WHY, YOU —



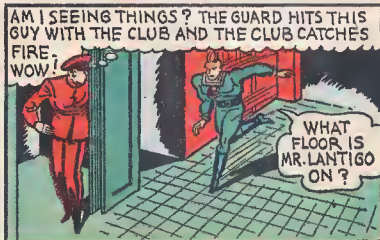
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT. YOU SET YOUR NICE CLUB ON FIRE

OOOWCH! WHAT THE—



BETTER PUT A LITTLE BUTTER ON THAT HAND

AM I SEEING THINGS? THE GUARD HITS THIS GUY WITH THE CLUB AND THE CLUB CATCHES FIRE. WOW!



WHAT FLOOR IS MR. LANTIGO ON?

HIS OFFICE IS ON THE THIRD FLOOR, BUT MR. LANTIGO ISN'T IN TODAY



WHAT! I SAW HIM ENTER THE BUILDING A FEW MINUTES AGO

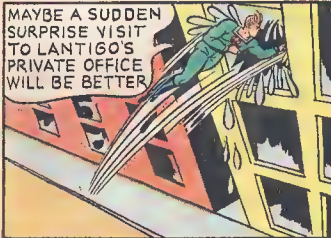
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN. HE —



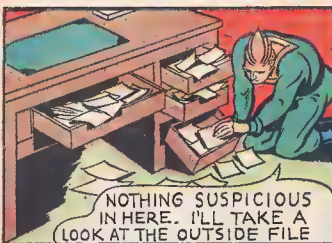
NEVER MIND. I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA



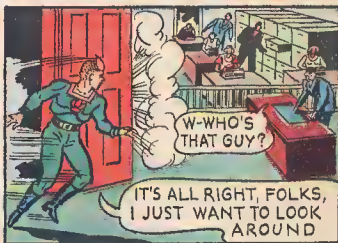
MAYBE A SUDDEN SURPRISE VISIT TO LANTIGO'S PRIVATE OFFICE WILL BE BETTER



HE'S NOT HERE, BUT I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND FOR EVIDENCE OF HIS ILLEGAL OPERATIONS



NOTHING SUSPICIOUS IN HERE. I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE FILE



W-WHO'S THAT GUY?

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, I JUST WANT TO LOOK AROUND

HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT, MISTER. THOSE FILES ARE PRIVATE



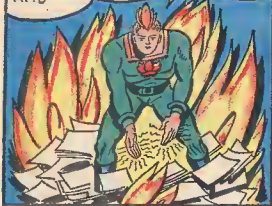
THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO PESTER ME. I'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM WITHOUT HURTING THEM

THIS OUGHT TO MAKE A NICE LITTLE BLAZE

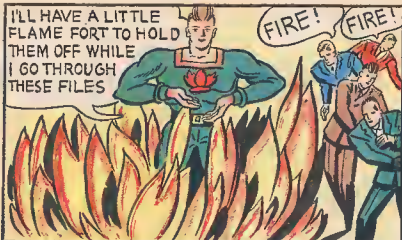
HEY, STOP THAT!



A LITTLE HEAT FROM MY HANDS,
AND —



I'LL HAVE A LITTLE
FLAME FORT TO HOLD
THEM OFF WHILE
I GO THROUGH
THESE FILES



LANTIGO'S
BUSINESS ALL
SEEMS ON THE
UP-AND-UP —
UNLESS HE HAS
SECRET QUARTERS.
HE'S IN
THIS BUILDING
SOMEWHERE
AND I'M
GOING
TO FIND
HIM



I'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE
BUILDING AND CAN'T FIND A
TRACE OF LANTIGO. MAYBE I
WAS MISTAKEN



THEN, AS VULCAN LEAVES THE BUILDING

THERE'S LANTIGO
COMING OUT
AGAIN. HE WAS
IN THE BUILDING.
I'M GOING TO
SETTLE THIS



ONE MOMENT, LANTIGO. I WANT TO
TALK TO YOU ABOUT THOSE FOREST
FIRES. SHALL WE GO TO YOUR
SECRET HIDEOUT?



SUDDENLY LANTIGO WRENCHES
AWAY

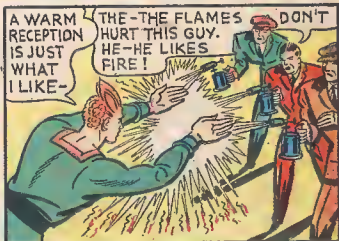
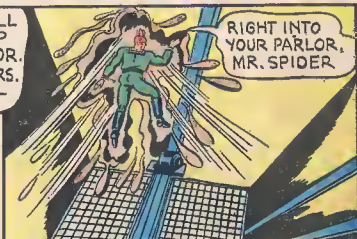
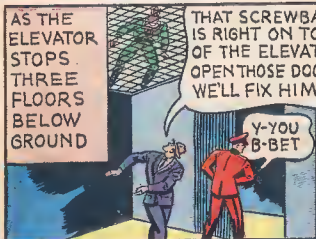
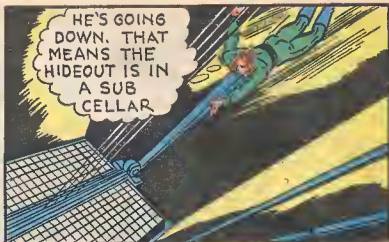
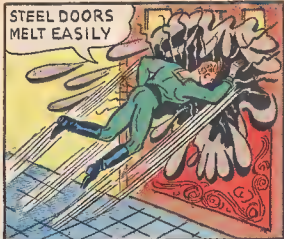
THAT GUY KNOWS
TOO MUCH. I'D
BETTER GET TO
THE GANG

I'LL LET
HIM GET
AWAY SO HE'LL
LEAD ME TO
HIS HIDEOUT



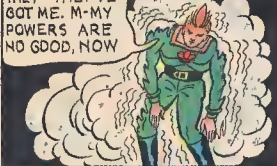
GOT TO
CATCH
THAT
ELEVATOR





VULCAN'S HEAT SAVES HIM FROM FREEZING TO DEATH, BUT THE INTENSE COLD PARALYZES HIM

THEY- THEY'VE GOT ME. M-MY POWERS ARE NO GOOD, NOW



A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN VULCAN REVIVES—

MISTER, HELP ME! LANTIGO'S GOING TO KILL ME BECAUSE I FOUND OUT ABOUT HIS UNDERGROUND OFFICES!

YES, AND WHEN I COME BACK I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT FREAK

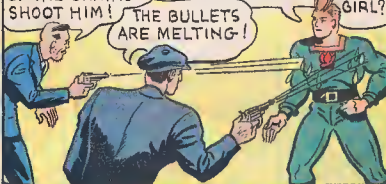


IT TAKES QUITE AWHILE FOR VULCAN TO BE ABLE TO RADIATE HEAT AGAIN, BUT THEN —



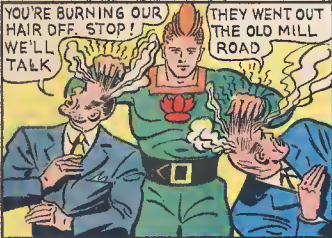
HE MELTED HIS WAY RIGHT OUT OF THE CHAINS.

ALL RIGHT, RATS, TALK FAST. WHICH WAY DID LANTIGO GO WITH THE GIRL?



YOU'RE BURNING OUR HAIR OFF. STOP! WE'LL TALK

THEY WENT OUT THE OLD MILL ROAD



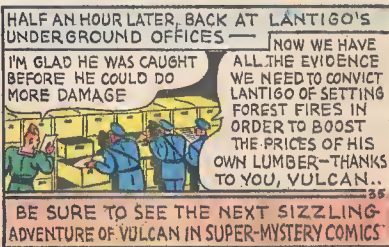
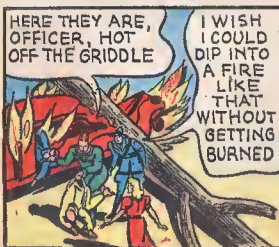
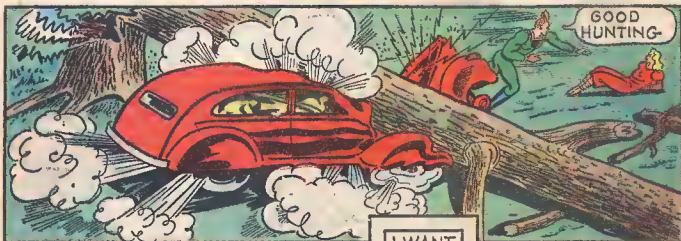
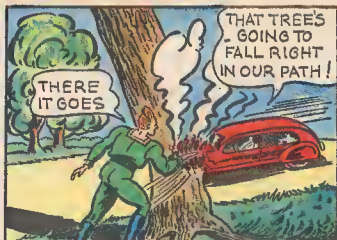
IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN TOO LONG TO USE THE ELEVATOR AND THAT GIRL'S LIFE IS AT STAKE



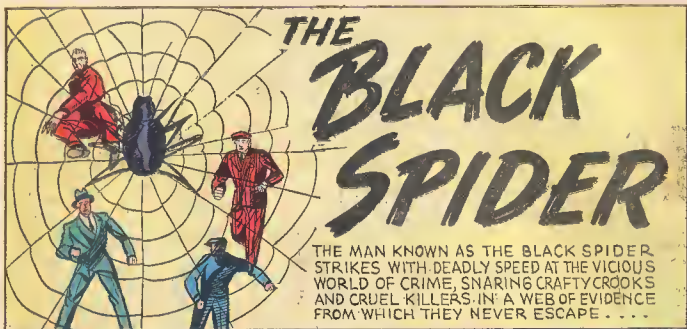
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE OLD MILL ROAD —

THERE THEY ARE, AND THEY'VE PUT THE GIRL OUT AND ARE GOING TO RUN OVER HER

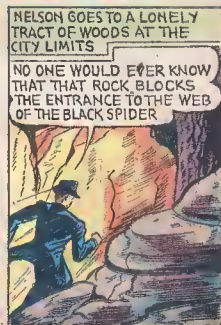
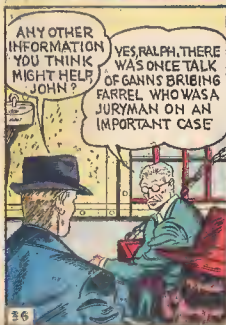
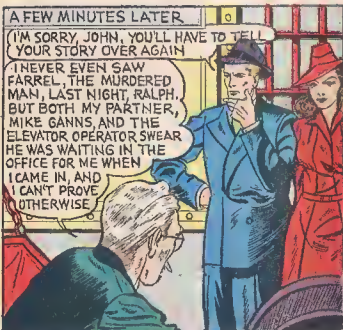
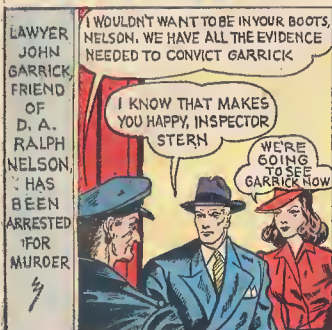




BE SURE TO SEE THE NEXT SIZZLING-ADVENTURE OF VULCAN IN SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS



THE MAN KNOWN AS THE BLACK SPIDER STRIKES WITH DEADLY SPEED AT THE VICIOUS WORLD OF CRIME, SNARING CRAFTY CROOKS AND CRUEL KILLERS IN A WEB OF EVIDENCE FROM WHICH THEY NEVER ESCAPE . . .



OPERATING A SECRET MECHANISM, NELSON MOVES THE BOULDER, AND...

I REMEMBER THE TRIAL THAT FARREL WAS A HOLOOUTON, AND THE OTHER STUBBORN JUROR'S NAME WAS KEEGAN



AND MR. KEEGAN IS GOING TO GET A SURPRISE VISIT FROM THE BLACK SPIDER



I'LL TAKE ALONG A COUPLE OF MY POISONOUS PETS IN CASE KEEGAN PROVES STUBBORN



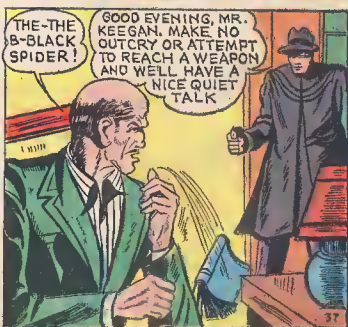
THE BLACK SPIDER HAS A SPECIAL PHONE CUT INTO NEARBY TELEPHONE WIRES

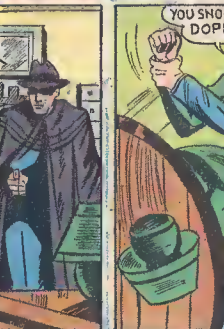
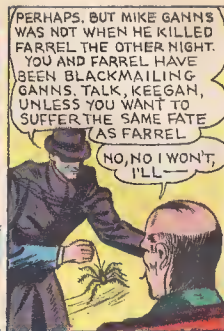
HELLO, PEGGY?--THIS IS RALPH. MEET ME IN FRONT OF 95 RIVER DRIVE IN AN HOUR.

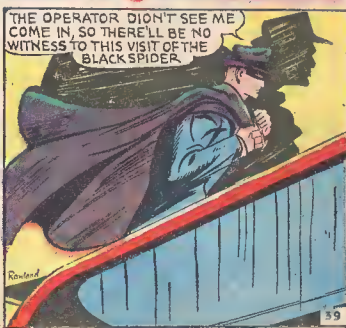
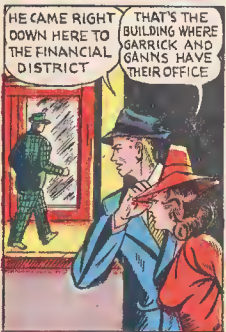
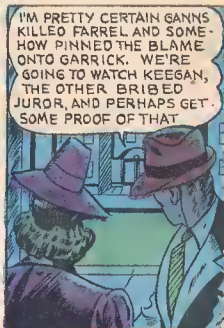


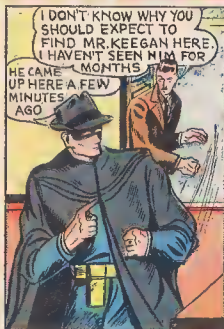
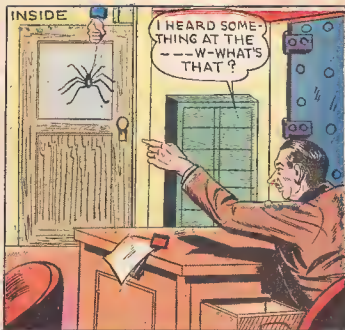
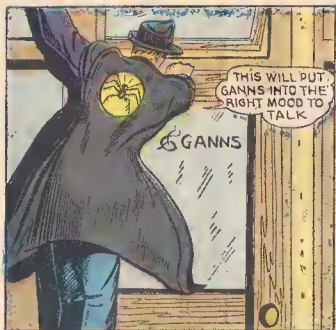
THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE OF THE BLACK SPIDER LEAVES HIS WEB

BY USING BACK ROADS AND ALLEYS I CAN REACH KEEGAN'S PLACE UNOBSERVED









WE CAN'T LET GANNS OUT OF OUR SIGHT FROM NOW ON. YOU WATCH THE FIRE-ESCAPE IN THE REAR OF THE BUILDING. I'LL WATCH THE FRONT

OKAY

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR HOURS. I WONDER IF GANNS COULD HAVE SNEAKED OUT

SOMETHING HAPPENED - AT LAST

GANNS IS COMING DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE. HE'S CARRYING SOME BULKY OBJECT. HURRY!

THERE HE GOES, HEADING FOR THE NEXT BLOCK. THAT MUST BE KEEGAN HE'S CARRYING

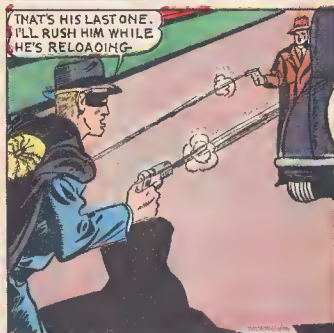
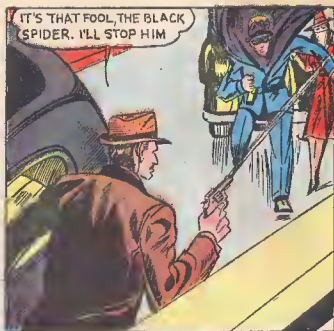
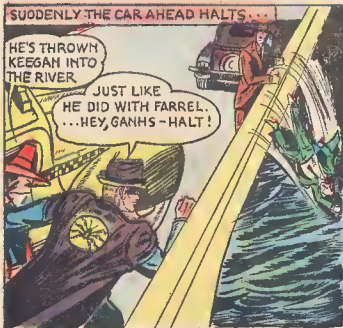
HE'S GOT A BIG START ON US

FOLLOW THAT BLACK SEDAN, CABBIE

Y-YES, S-SIR

FASTER, DRIVER. WE MUST CATCH THAT CAR

I'M GIVING HER ALL SHE'S GOT





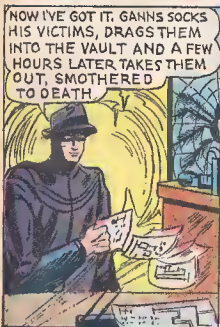
WE JUST GOT AWAY FROM THE POLICE BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH. I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE. BE READY FOR A CALL IF I NEED YOU

I'LL BE WAITING

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BLACK SPIDER DISMISSES HIS CAB, HEADS FOR THE WEB



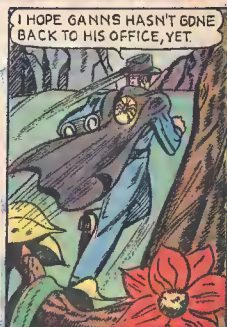
I DIDN'T SEE KEEGAN IN GANN'S OFFICE. THERE'S SOME SECRET HIDING PLACE THERE, THAT NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT, AND FOR SOME REASON GANN'S WAITED THREE HOURS BEFORE GETTING RID OF KEEGAN'S BODY



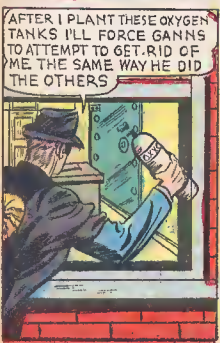
NOW I'VE GOT IT. GANN'S SOCKS HIS VICTIMS, DRAGS THEM INTO THE VAULT AND A FEW HOURS LATER TAKES THEM OUT, SMOTHERED TO DEATH



WITH THESE OXYGEN TANKS I USE WHEN THE AIR GETS CLOSE IN THE CAVE, I'LL PREPARE A LITTLE TRAP FOR GANN'S



I HOPE GANN'S HASN'T GONE BACK TO HIS OFFICE, YET



AFTER I PLANT THESE OXYGEN TANKS I'LL FORCE GANN'S TO ATTEMPT TO GET RID OF ME THE SAME WAY HE DID THE OTHERS

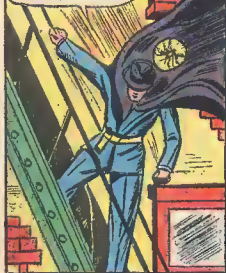


I'M GLAD A CROOK ONCE SHOWED ME HOW TO CRACK A SAFE



AFTER GANN'S PUTS ME IN HERE TO DIE, AND COMES BACK TO REMOVE ME, HE'LL GET A SURPRISE

I'LL GET RID OF MY COSTUME IN THE ALLEY BELOW AND GO SEE INSPECTOR STERN



IF MY PLAN WORKS, OLD JOHN GARRICK WILL BE A FREE MAN, TOMORROW



I'M TELLING YOU INSPECTOR MIKE GANNS KILLED FARREL. HE JUST KILLED KEEGAN THE SAME WAY. IF YOUR MEN ORAG THE RIVER YOU'LL HAVE PROOF OF THAT.

YOU JUST WANT TO HELP GARRICK SO BAD YOU'RE LETTING YOUR IMAGINATION RUN WILD



I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU, INSPECTOR. HIDE YOURSELF IN GANNS' OFFICE IN ABOUT THREE HOURS AND YOU'LL SEE JUST HOW THE MURDERS WERE COMMITTED

I'LL DO AS YOU SAY, NELSON, BUT I THINK YOU'RE CRACKED



AFTER NELSON LEAVES THE POLICE STATION

NOW TO CALL GANNS AND GET HIM DOWN TO HIS OFFICE



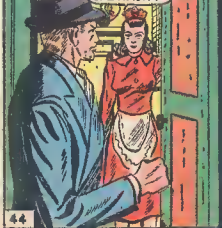
THAT'S ODD. GANNS DOESN'T ANSWER AT HOME OR AT HIS OFFICE. I'LL CONTACT PEGGY TO HELP ME FIND HIM



AT THE HOME OF PEGGY DODGE

YOU SAY MISS DODGE HASN'T RETURNED HOME ALLEVENING?

NO, SIR, SHE HASN'T



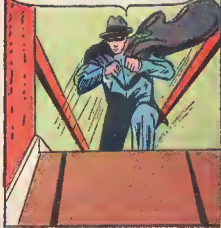
A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

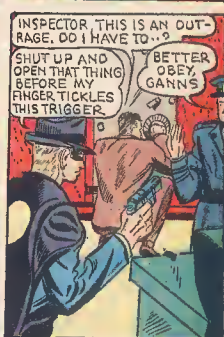
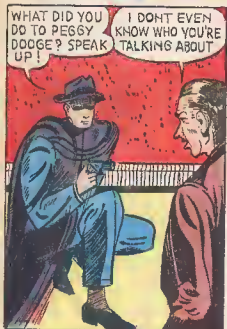
I'VE TRIED EVERY POSSIBLE PLACE PEGGY COULD BE, SHE'S DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY, AND GANNS HASN'T RETURNED TO HIS HOME EITHER. I WONDER ---



NELSON HEADS FOR GANNS' OFFICE, AND...

I HAVE A SNEAKING SUSPICION PEGGY HAS GOTTEN INTO TROUBLE WITH GANNS IN SOME WAY. IF HE HAS HURT HER ---





RALPH NELSON, ALIAS THE BLACK SPIDER, AND PEGGY DOGGE, HAVE ANOTHER DRAMATIC ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS

The Mustang Men

By Cliff Howe

IN the old West various methods of capturing wild horses were followed. Men made it a regular business, and were called "mustangers." The mustangers used a special method of capture.

The average range horse waters not oftener than once every twenty-four hours, frequently at much longer intervals, and, unless disturbed always at the same waterhole.

The hunters, mounted on their best horses, without saddles, and stripped of all extra weight in clothing, would patiently watch a bunch of "hroomies" come to water for several days, noting the direction from which they came and spotting the animals in the herd that they considered most desirable.

Having satisfied themselves on these points, the men, usually three in number, spread out. One remained close to the watering place, while the others went out some miles in the direction usually taken by the herd upon leaving the waterhole. There they separated, each getting on top of some hill or elevation where he could see the country about him.

The mustanga, having satisfied their thirst, file slowly out along the trail, gorged with water, and in no condition for a hard run. Having allowed them to get well started, the mustanger rides out behind them in full view. The wary animals, quick to note a moving object, stop for an instant. The leader turns, neighs shrilly, races down the line of alert heads to the rear of the column, circles about, and the whole band with one impulse is off in a thundering stampede, fairly hidden by the dust they raise.

The hunter falls in behind them, his excited horse, trained to such work, straining at the bit and eager to overtake the flying animals ahead.

Now every horse in running, has to stop after the first burst of speed for his second wind. The plan of the mustanger is to keep the drove going and prevent any slackening of pace. As soon as the mount of the first hunter begins to show signs of distress, the second mustanger, who has been watching the race from his point of observation, falls in behind the band on a fresh animal and keeps up the chase.

Logic with water, the wild ones ahead, begin to slacken a bit. With manes and tails streaming in the wind, dripping with sweat and covered with lather, they plunge on until out from behind a sheltering tree or a cut-off coulee dashes the third mustanger on a lively saddler.

The herd swings aside and sweeps around in a broad curve, as the third man, riding out to one side, turns them slowly. Finally they double back upon the other two riders, and by this time the fuzztails begin to show signs of fatigue, and their speed slackens perceptibly.

The three pursuers have ridden without saddles and carried their reatas in their hands, with the ends securely fastened about the neck of their mounts, just tight enough to slip over the head. Around his waist each man carries a couple of hogging cords, pieces of soft, light rope about six feet in length.





CROWDING close in upon the herd, which is by this time greatly exhausted, each rider picks out the cayuse he wants and works along beside it, and as it is a very short throw, the roping is an easy matter. A quick jerk draws the noose up about the captive's neck; the lariat is thrown over the horse's withers and down so that his front feet step over it, then it is thrown.

The moment the "fuzzy" hits the ground, the mustanger drops off his mount and races to the fallen animal, untying his hogging cord as he runs. A loop is made about both front feet, and they are pulled back far enough to enable the hind foot to be bunched with the two front ones. The hog rope is whirled three or four times about the three legs just at the ankles, and with a deft tie, the horse is secured.

After the roundup the mustangers generally sit down for a smoke, while their tired mounts get a rest and a roll. With the catching of the broom-tails the fun is ended, and the real work begins.

If it is not too far from camp or too late in the day, the hunters go back and return with several saddle horses, or, what is better, a bunch of burros. To these gentle animals each wild horse is securely "necked" and his feet are then untied. After a half an hour of struggling and fighting, he will usually give up and let himself be dragged along by his mats to camp. The rest is a matter of education and work—work for the man—work for the horse.

Often the horse-hunter, instead of catching the mustangs out on the prairie, will haze them toward a corral, following the animals for a whole day and sometimes for several days. They tag the herd constantly, never giving them an opportunity to eat, water, or rest. Moonlight evenings were selected for this work, and night and day the mustangers kept up a steady gait, until finally the weary animals, spent and hungry, could be driven almost anywhere the men wanted them to go. Right at the corral gate, however, they were likely to make a break and scatter like partridges.

In the late nineties wild horses did not bring much of a figure. These, considering the work of capturing, the cost in time and labor breaking them did not sell for enough to make the business very profitable for the mustangers.

Of course, there were on the plains of Texas and New Mexico a great many professional hunters who followed it for a living, but they remained in it as much for the excitement as for anything else. And besides they frequently captured ranch horses that had been whisked away by the wild ones, for which they received substantial rewards.

The rise in the price of horseflesh that began in 1902 and 1903 helped to clean up many of these wild horse bands, because at last there was a market for them. Thousands were gathered and shipped away, until now the great roving herds have dwindled to a few straggling bunches here and there throughout the West.

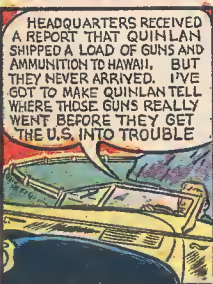
But these few remaining are wilder than the wildest deer, more wary and harder to catch than the smartest fox. They run in the most inaccessible places, where the boldest rider cannot go faster than a walk. These untrammelled wildlings are an integral part of our great American frontier, and it is hoped that some of them will always be permitted to go free.

Q-13

AMERICA'S SPY FIGHTER



MATCHING WITS AND COURAGE WITH SPIES, ANARCHISTS AND KILLERS, Q-13 HAS BECOME WASHINGTON'S ACE UNDERCOVER MAN. THIS TIME Q-13 IS ASSIGNED TO GET THE GOODS ON MARTIN QUINLAN, BIG TIME GUN-RUNNER.



HEADQUARTERS RECEIVED A REPORT THAT QUINLAN SHIPPED A LOAD OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION TO HAWAII, BUT THEY NEVER ARRIVED. I'VE GOT TO MAKE QUINLAN TELL WHERE THOSE GUNS REALLY WENT BEFORE THEY GET THE U.S. INTO TROUBLE



QUINLAN MUST HAVE MADE A FORTUNE RUNNING GUNS. LOOK AT THAT HOUSE



I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. QUINLAN. HE'S EXPECTING ME

STEP INSIDE, SIR



I'LL ANNOUNCE THAT YOU'RE HERE, SIR

OKAY



SOUNDS LIKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF MY VISIT STARTED SOMETHING. I HEAR SOUNDS OF QUARRELING-

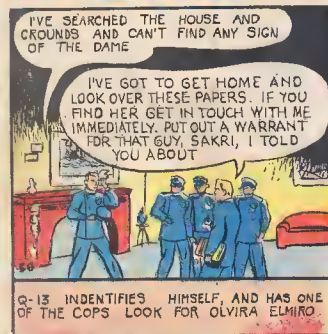
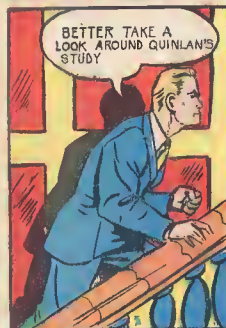
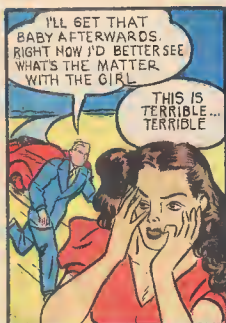
WHILE THE BUTLER GOES UPSTAIRS...

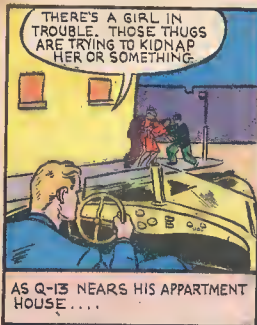


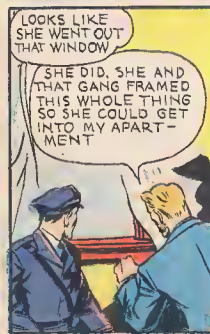
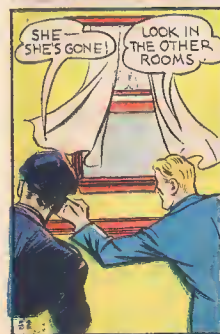
YOU MAY GO UP TO MR. QUINLAN'S STUDY. FIRST DOOR ON YOUR LEFT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

THANK YOU









THIS HANKIE IS SCENTED WITH ASPIC SPICE. THAT'S ODD. TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE ASPIC IS USED ONLY BY A SMALL GROUP OF NATIVES IN THE PHILLIPINE ISLANDS

I NEVER HEARD OF IT

IT LOOKS LIKE THIS WHOLE THING TIES UP WITH THE PHILLIPINES

IF MY GUESS--THAT QUINLAN'S MYSTERY SHIPMENT OF GUNS WERE SENT TO THE PHILLIPINES--IS CORRECT, SAKRI AND OLIVRA HAVE PROBABLY HEADED BACK

AT CALIFORNIA Q-13 TRANSFERRED TO A CLIPPER AND IS NOW HEARING THE PHILLIPINE ISLANDS

IN A CHEAP ROOMING HOUSE IN MANILA

WITH THIS STUBBLE AND THESE OLD DUDES I SHOULD FIT IN ALL RIGHT WITH THE UNDERWORLD LIFE IN THIS CITY

I'VE BEEN SPYING-AROUND ALL OAY AND HAVEN'T PICKED UP ANY INFORMATION YET... MAYBE IF I TRY ONE OF THESE DIVES

Q-13 ENTERS A CAFE AND MINGLES WITH THE PATRONS...

EVERYBODY COME HAVE DRINK ON JUANO!

I'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH THIS FELLOW

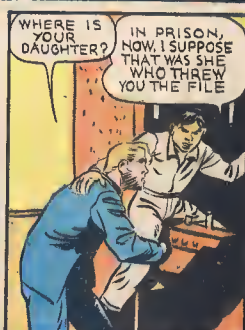
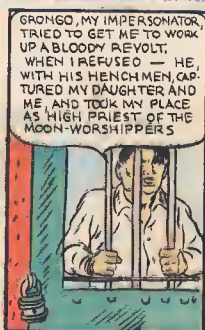
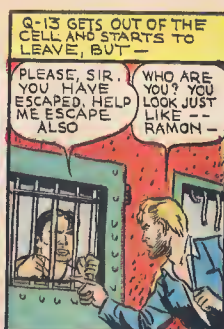
JUANO MUST BE PRETTY SMART TO MAKE SO MUCH MONEY. WHERE'D YA GET IT, PAL? ROB A BANK OR SOMETHING?

HA-HA! NO. JUANO NO ROB BANK. JUANO HAS EASY JOB WITH RAMON SAKRI WHICH PAYS GODD MONEY

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. WHEN JUANO HANDLES SMUGGLED GUNS THEY HAVE TO PAY HIM LOTS OF MONEY, EH?

HOW DID YOU KNOW JUANO CARRIES GUNS FROM THE COAST TO SAKRI?





REACHING THE HILLS, SAKRI AND Q-13
COME IN SIGHT OF THE OUTDOOR
TEMPLE

THEY ARE OFFERING
A SACRIFICE TO
THE MOON GOD

IT'S OLIVIRA!
LET'S GET CLOSER
AND MAKE CERTAIN



IT IS OLIVIRA
THEY ARE SACRI-
FICING. WE MUST
STOP THEM

LET'S GET
BEHIND THAT PILE
OF BRUSH. WE'LL
BE CLOSER TO THEM



WE'LL CLIMB TO
THE TOP OF —
WHAT'S THIS?

IT LOOKS
LIKE A
GUN
PACKED
FOR SHIPPING



THE GUNS AND
AMMUNITION
GRONGO BOUGHT
FROM QUINLAN.
HERE'S A BOX
OF BULLETS

WHAT GOOD
DOES THAT
DO US?
THEY'RE
GOING TO KILL
MY DAUGHTER,
OLIVIRA!



YOU'LL SEE. I'M GOING
TO BREAK UP THE CER-
EMONY. C'MON,
FOLLOW ME.

ANYTHING
YOU SAY —



THESE CARTRIDGES
ARE HEAVY

HURRY!

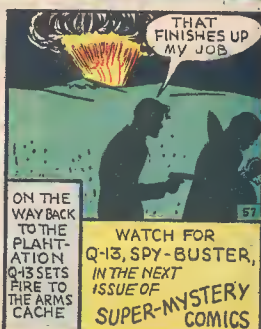
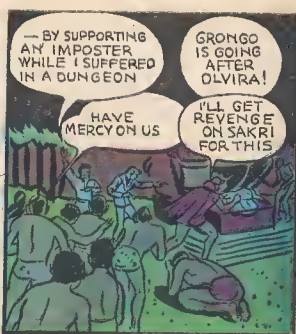
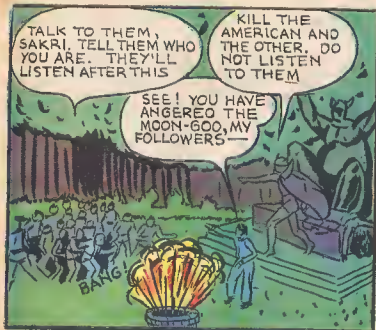


THERE! A FEW
SECONDS FOR THE
FIRE TO REACH THE
POWDER AND —

BACK,
FOOL! I'AM
YOUR HIGH
PRIEST

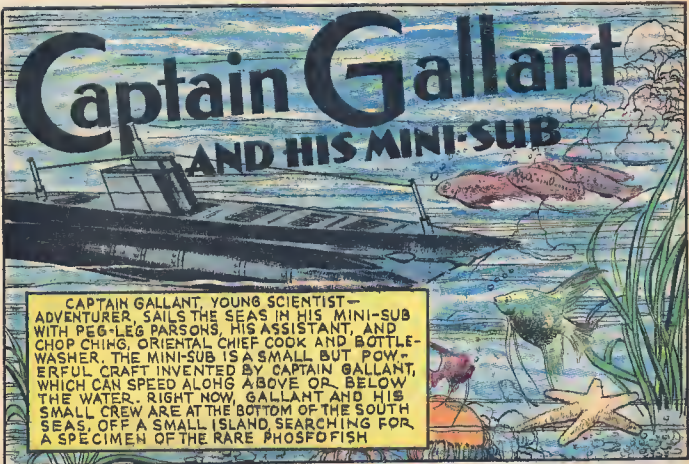
THEY
STOP
CER-
EMONY.
KILL!





Captain Gallant

AND HIS MINI-SUB



CAPTAIN GALLANT, YOUNG SCIENTIST-ADVENTURER, SAILS THE SEAS IN HIS MINI-SUB WITH PEG-LEG PARSONS, HIS ASSISTANT, AND CHOP CHING, ORIENTAL CHIEF COOK AND BOTTLE-WASHER. THE MINI-SUB IS A SMALL BUT POWERFUL CRAFT INVENTED BY CAPTAIN GALLANT, WHICH CAN SPEED ALONG ABOVE OR BELOW THE WATER. RIGHT NOW, GALLANT AND HIS SMALL CREW ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SOUTH SEAS, OFF A SMALL ISLAND SEARCHING FOR A SPECIMEN OF THE RARE PHOSFOFISH

CAPTAIN GALLANT IN SPECIAL DIVING-EQUIPMENT, RETURNS FROM A LONE EXCURSION INTO THE DEPTHS

HO, LOOK AT CLAZY FLISH. HE SHINE LIKE 'LECTRIC LIGHT

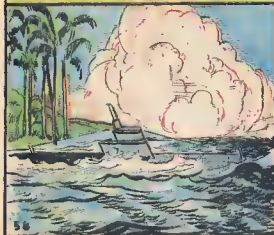
BATTEN YOUR HATCH, CHOPCHING, THAT THERE'S A RARE SPECIMEN - THE PHOSFOFISH CAPN GALLANT WENT OUT AFTER!

HD-HO, MUCHEE EXCLITEMENT. WE GOING TO EATEE FUNNY FISH, CAPN?

I SHOULD SAY HOT, CHOP CHING. WE'LL GET \$10,000 FOR THIS SPECIMEN WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE STATES. BRING THE MINI-SUB TO THE SURFACE, PEG

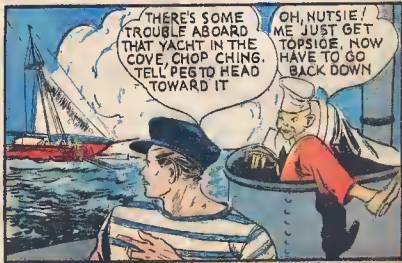
AYE, SIR

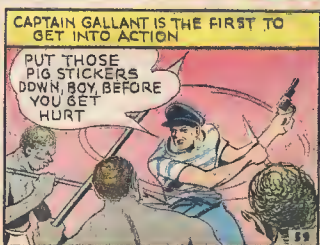
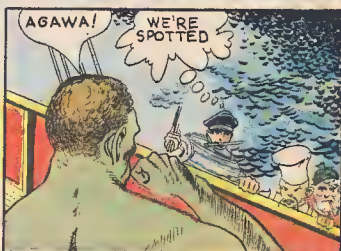
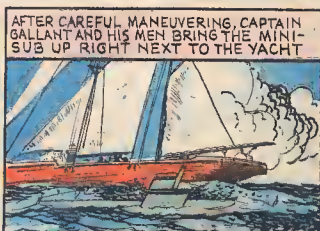
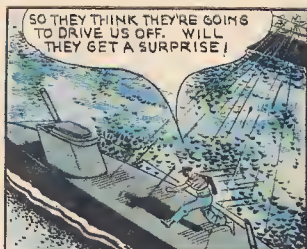
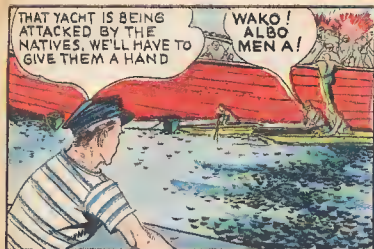
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

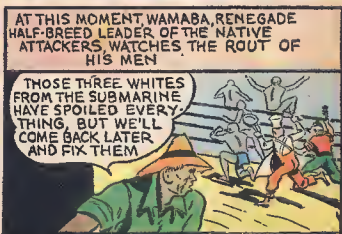
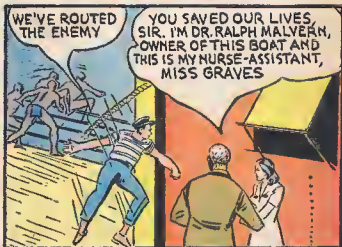
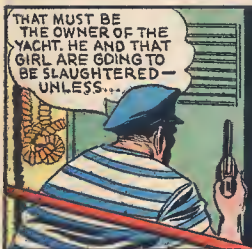


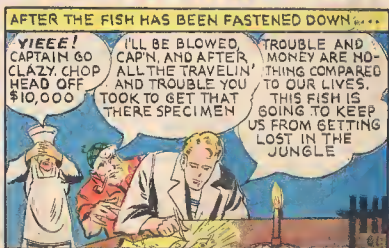
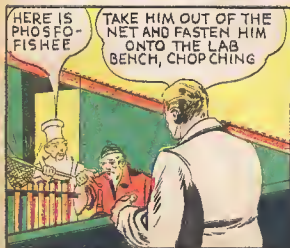
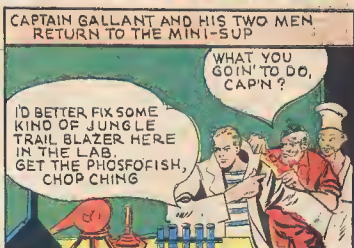
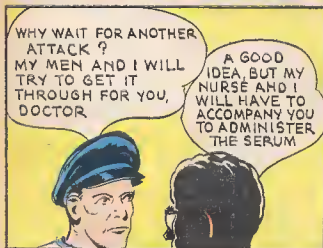
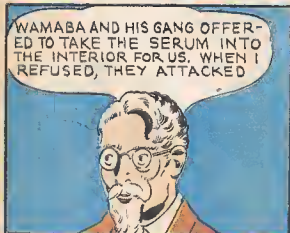
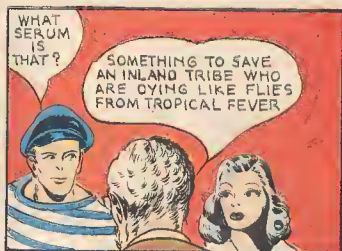
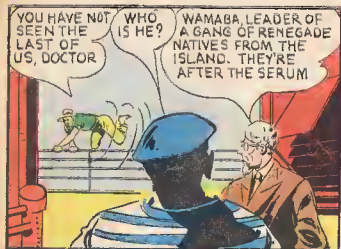
THERE'S SOME TROUBLE ABOARD THAT YACHT IN THE COVE, CHOP CHING. TELL PEG TO HEAD TOWARD IT

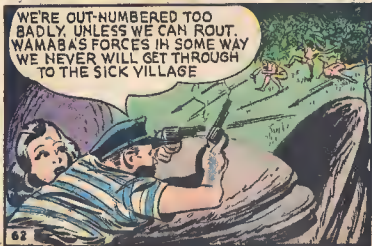
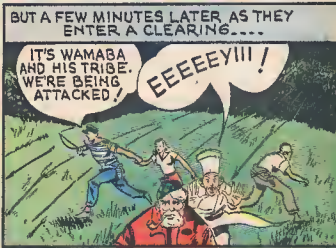
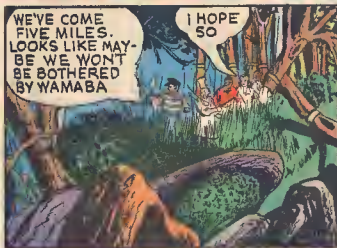
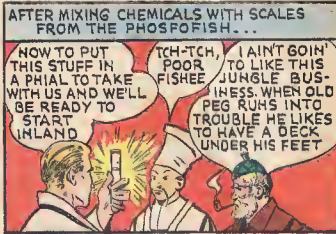
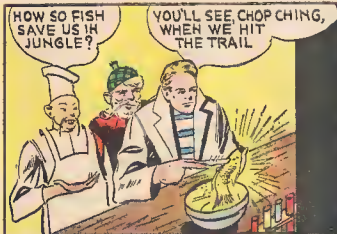
OH, NUTSIE! ME JUST GET TOPSIOE, NOW HAVE TO GO BACK DOWN









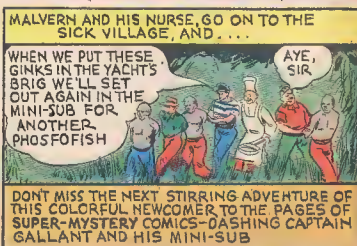
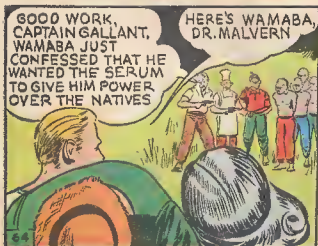
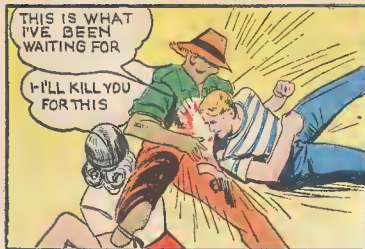
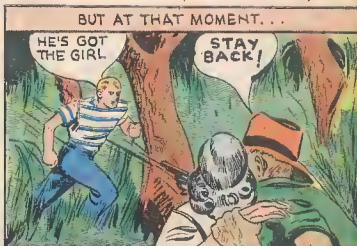
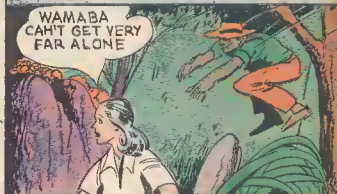




PEG PARSON'S TRICK ENABLES CAPTAIN GALLANT AND THE OTHERS TO CATCH THE HALF BREEDS.



NURSE GRAVES BECOMES SEPARATED FROM THE OTHERS



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